

1891

## The Aurora 20.7

Iowa State Agricultural College

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Volume XX. Commencement Number, 1891. Number 7.



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# THE AURORA.

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**Volume XX. Commencement Number, 1891. Number 7.**

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## *SALUTATORY.*

BY CLYDE F. JONES.

The poet has said, "Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring of knowledge," and has said it well. Many are the youths whose honest ambitions have been blighted, who have seen a spark of the soul as enkindled by that first draught of the pure air of knowledge, doomed to smoulder in oblivion because of the lack or the failure of the requisites of a college course. Whether these failings be the funds or the health of the individual, they are the death warrant to those happy dreams of acquired knowledge, of amassed information, which so much, at the present time, form the nucleus and the heart of life.

How often the stricken lose all hope. They allow their desire to persecute them by remorse and sorrow, until, like the galley slave, chained to his bank, endurance hardens former earnest hopes into callous indifference. But again how often such failings are but the good that excites to greater exertion, to self education, to study by the dim taper light of the garret, to accomplish alone that which might have been acquired with ease and in less time, had opportunity but given the advantages of an instructor. How many noble men and women whose names have echoed from Orient to Occident and Occident to Orient, have each been at one and the same time the tutor and the pupil, the professor and the student!

There were times when the aristocracy and the noble clans were the only ones who

enjoyed the luxury of learning. It was their divine privilege and right, as viewed with their own eyes, and too often as seen with the eyes of the common people—the poor in mind and means, the servants, the weak that bowed before the strong; the toilers, who earned by the sweat of their brows the bread that the clans enjoyed. To them, perhaps, to many undoubtedly, learning was something unknown, undesired; while their stock of information consisted of the simple rules of their occupation.

But time has changed all this and under the influence of the popular ideas of the present time, the opportunity for education is denied to no man, be he white or black. Nay, the state has built schools and colleges and, with magnanimity of heart, has thrown their doors open to all students, with the simple inscription above the door, "Come, the state bids thee enter."

Four short years ago a class of students entered these college walls, firmly believing in the words of Agathos that "Not in knowledge is happiness, but in the acquisition of knowledge. In forever learning we are forever blest; but to know all were the curse of a fiend." They came with all the earnest hopes, all the ambitious aspirations, all the deep seated ideas as to their superiority in matters of fact and fancy, which make the innocent and well meaning freshmen so dear to the upper classmen. Their hearts were bent on seeking knowledge and they came prepared to sink deep the shaft that was in time to unearth their sparkling fountain of valuable information.

Since those happy days, when we looked into each others faces and beheld them for the first time, strangers, the rough corners of our individualities have been removed and we stand to-day in unity as the Class of '91. During our four years we have lost from our ranks those who leave unanswered, unreplaceable names in our roll, some called from our midst by youthful ambition, often by failure of health or means, and one by the will of Providence. We have received into our midst during this time those whose influence we have felt in a marked degree, some of whom stand with us to-day in this our commencement.

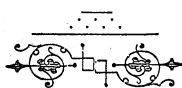
Words cannot portray the feelings, the thoughts that entertain the mind of the college student as he stands knocking at the door of the world, awaiting its opening, half happy, half melancholy, with the thoughts of all the triumphs and failures, the happy hours and the sad, the deeds of good and of bad, flitting through his mind as through the mind of one who, anticipating death, sees, as in a panorama, his life enacted before him.

He sees himself as in a dream carried back to his days of freshman innocence; he lives again his joy and sorrow; feels again the thrills and sensations and recalls how a chill coursed his proud frame as he beheld himself a sophomore. He recalls, as his heart throbs as of yore, many an inter-class strife, many a well-fought battle for the glory of his class.

He sees himself again enjoying the blissful calm of his junior year, and feels the cold, dismal chill of realization as he awakens from his reverie to find the pleasure of the senior year blending into the stern duties of life.

To-day we are one, a unit, each part working for the other; to-morrow we shall stand as individuals, each for himself; but in the mad and headlong rush with the world for glory and wealth, may we not forget our Alma Mater, our cradle of knowledge, where our youthful days have passed in serenity and happiness.

As we meet to-day in this our last demonstration of class unity, to the professors and instructors, to those who are to follow in our paths, to the world at large, we, the Class of '91 extend greeting.



## CLASS HISTORY.

BY GEORGE CHRISTY.

A study of history will show that nearly all of the great nations of the earth originated and attained their greatest development on the banks of some famous stream.

I will not weary you with an account of the nations that grew up along the banks of the Nile, the Tigris and Euphrates, the Indus, the Tiber and the other great rivers of the world. Other historians have given us much valuable and interesting information concerning them; but I will endeavor to give a short account of that great and glorious civilization which early tradition tells us had its origin in that beautiful and fertile valley through which flows the stream known as Squaw Creek.

The history of the Class of '91 begins with the exodus of Green Turtles from Squaw Creek Hollow, in the spring of the year 1888. Of the great number who came to enter the I. A. C. that spring, ninety-six succeeded in getting their names into the catalogue. The average age of the students on entrance was nineteen years, and their aggregate age was one thousand seven hundred and ten years. Aided by all their years of wisdom it was no wonder that the Class of '91 soon came to take an active part in the affairs of this institution. On the organization of the Class, Mr. Dean took the chair and the "secretary took the table." The election of officers resulted in Mr. Lovejoy's being made president for the first term. Since that time the presidential chair has been filled by the following persons in the order of their succession: Messrs. Cole, Moss, Jones, Bowne, Heileman, Schulte and Jackson.

Not long after the organization of the class, some of its most prominent members began to attract considerable attention, especially from the Sophomores, their learning being much admired. This attention soon grew into marked respect; and, in order to show their appreciation of our worth, the Sophomores prepared a beautiful drawing which they hung over the music room door. On this drawing were the words, "*Verde Tortugas*," meaning green turtles.

In the battle which followed the appearance of this picture no one was seriously injured; and the application of a few buckets full of water, combined with the appearance of the Proctor, put an end to disturbance. At the reception which followed, the Sophomores presented the picture to the "*Green Turtles*."



When the class assembled at the beginning of the fall term, Freshman year, it was found that Perkins and a number of others were missing, and that fourteen new members had joined, two of whom were from Maquoketa.

They joined by mistake—this being the first of a long series of mistakes by the same parties.

During the fall term the monotony incident to the sturdy acquisition of “zips,” was broken by the following events: August 17th the class assembled on the front steps and the photographer skillfully transferred to his plate the wonderful array of beauty there displayed. October 6th, the Freshman picnic took place. On October 23d occurred the event known as the “Leap Year Trot.”

At the beginning of the Sophomore year, nine new students entered the class while a number of the old ones did not return. The total number then in the class was fifty-six. Nothing of importance occurred outside of the regular round of college exercises, until April 5th, when the Freshman picture was placed over the music room door and the Sophomores stood ready to defend it. Then occurred the decisive battle of the course, which resulted in a victory for the Sophomores. After the smoke of battle had died away the Sophomores gave a reception and presented the picture to the Tadpoles, inaugurating a custom which has been in vogue ever since.

The only important event that occurred during the remainder of the Sophomore year, was the picnic at Story City.

The Class commenced its Junior year with fifty-five members, eleven of these joining at that time. The most notable feature about the class during 1890 was the steady application of its members to their various studies, they having discovered during the Sophomore year that there were several things they had not yet learned. Another thing that occupied the thoughts of the Juniors was the approaching Junior exhibition day. During the latter part of the spring term the woods were full of Juniors practicing their orations. It is also worthy of note that the Juniors did not get plug hats.

During the Senior year the class offered very little material for the historian. April 17th, the Senior ladies gave a reception to the Senior gentlemen. Their reception was held in the north tower room and was attended by the elite of society. Among the

prominent guests were General Jackson, Commodore Heileman, Count Hutton and Countess Balreich.

Among the classes now in the institution the Class of '91 is the only one that has not, as a class, exhibited its fame upon the chimney top. It is true that the symbol “91” now graces the smoke-stack; but this is only another illustration of the great truth that “while some strive for honor, others have honor thrust upon them.” However, we have left a legacy more lasting than the hand-painting on the chimney; with the chisel of love we have carved our name and motto on the marble slab that adorns the basin of our fountain, and until Mother Earth shall have closed up her fountains of water, and Time himself shall have crumbled the marble into dust, the fountain will stand as a monument to the memory of the Class of '91.

It may be said that our class has been noted more for the things it has not done, than for those it has done. Its members have engaged in very few escapades, but have, in the classic language of one of our professors, “kept right on sawing wood,” and consequently, while they have succeeded well as students, they have not furnished a great deal of the material from which class histories are usually made. Of the ninety-six original members of the class, only twenty-four now remain. These, together with the seventeen who have since joined, make forty-one as the total number now in the class. Of these four only are ladies. The average age of these forty-one members is twenty-three years and their aggregate weight is about two and three-fourths tons. It is not permitted the writer of history to moralize at length upon the scenes sketched by this pen; nevertheless he may be permitted to draw from the events, upon which his attention has been fixed.

Four short years ago our ship set out upon its perilous voyage with flying colors. Since then it has moved slowly onward, only stopping now and then to take or leave a few passengers. For the greater part of its course the wind was favorable; but it was sometimes necessary to beat up against a head wind in order to make any progress. Occasionally the sky became overcast and once or twice a storm came up; but the good ship, though cast upon her beam ends, rode safely on, and now all of a sudden we find ourselves anchored in the bay of the present and realize that our voyage is done.



## CLASS POEM '91.

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J. H. MOORE.

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1.

Ever "Thoughtful of the future,"  
 And our worth to self and state,  
 We enrolled our names as "Freshmen,"  
 In the spring of '88.  
 Days to years have quickly lengthened,  
 College life and work is done;  
 In these farewell exercises  
 Joins the "Class of '91."

2.

After four years spent in training,  
 Years with joys and trials rife,  
 We are going forth to labor  
 In the broader fields of life;  
 Going forth, we trust, as toilers  
 For our duties strong and true,  
 Bearing light of truth to guide us  
 In the paths we may pursue.

3.

All before us lies the future,  
 Dim, uncertain in her way,  
 While we fain would learn in keeping  
 All she holds for us to day:  
 Yes, when life's work now before us,  
 Is by others viewed as done,  
 We would wish to know the honors  
 Due our "Class of '91."

4.

Some faint heart may be in doubting,  
 Dark may seem the promised way—  
 Oft the clouds we fear to-morrow  
 Shade the sky of fair to-day:  
 True, no man can read the future,  
 Yet as true, that, if he will,  
 He can ever borrow doubtings  
 And the Present's promise fill.

5.

Let us banish all of doubting  
 And the brighter promise view.  
 Each may be of high distinction,  
 Each prove great by being true;  
 For we never shall be valued  
 By our rank in wealth or birth,  
 And the world will sit in judgment  
 On our own intrinsic worth.

6.

Should we prove the faithful workers  
 We have been in College halls,  
 Ever ready, and with vigor,  
 Where the voice of Duty calls.  
 Well we know among our numbers,  
 Though we toil a scattered band,  
 When the years have filed our records,  
 There will be no "empty hand."

7.

There are thoughts that bring us sadness,  
 Touch our hearts to-day with pain,  
 For too well we know that never  
 Can all meet as now again:  
 Gladly we would once more gather,  
 And in after years renew  
 Tender ties of joyous friendship,  
 Binding strong to-day and true.

8.

O, a thousand recollections  
 Would in gladness spring anew,  
 Could we in the years so fleeting,  
 Once again these scenes review.  
 Then each path by stream and forest,  
 Then each quiet, shady nook,  
 Would recall with joyful sweetness,  
 Some forgotten word or look.

9.

Let us turn from thoughts of sadness  
 And, as parting words we say,  
 Let us clasp each hand in pleasure,  
 Wishing "God-speed" on the way.  
 Yes, in passing from our College  
 To the busy toils of life,  
 Let us show by word and action  
 We are glad to join the strife.

10.

Let us go with high resolving  
 Not a task to fear or shirk,  
 And the world to make the better  
 By our living and our work:  
 Yes, to aid whatever measures  
 Tend to elevate mankind  
 In the scale of education  
 Of his morals and his mind.

11.

Let us go to march right onward,  
 Pausing not for triumphs won,  
 Never counting life's work ended,  
 Always counting it begun;  
 For the work we do hereafter,  
 Not the toil of College days,  
 Shall, through all that lies before us,  
 Prove a measure of our praise.

12.

Let us go to long remember  
 I. A. C., and strive our best  
 To make our Alma Mater  
 Banner College of the West:  
 Yes, to prove that we are loyal,  
 While the changing years shall run,  
 To our Nation, State and College,  
 And our "Class of '91."

13.

And, while "Thoughtful of the future,"  
 Let us not forget, to day  
 We are paving, slow but surely,  
 Our to-morrow's certain way;  
 Then in peace life's pathway traveled,  
 And our earthly labors done,  
 We shall rest a band of victors,  
 Senior Class of '91.

## CLASS PROPHECY.

BY W. H. HELLEMAN.

'Twas quite long ago that a school of green turtles, inhabiting a secluded corner in the central part of Iowa near Ames, began to think of the old nest they must some day leave in order to make way for the next year's younglings—those clammy toads. Now such thoughts as these of parting are sad; especially so it was for these poor turtles, for they were unexperienced, and as they had been brought up together it was hard to even think of parting, and very hard indeed to have the fact dawn upon them that parting meant separation in every sense of the word, even one from another.

But these down hearted turtles, great and small, were yet quite shrewd, they had learned a few axioms of important moment, they knew that in union there would be strength and that if separation were inevitable that the best way to meet it was to be prepared for it.

So they called a meeting of all their number, partly to devise a plan for separation and also partly to have one more grand jubilee in the old mud bottomed fish pond where they had so often basked in the sunshine on the soggy logs that were floating on the edges of the water, and when the time came for meeting, their leader, an old turtle of eccentric whims, led the procession off in a round about, superstitious manner to that part of the old pond called the assembly room. 'Twas composed of many logs left there by the drift wood that had floated in in the years of the past. The spot was quite well shaded and protected by toadstools and green gourds, but the remainder of the surroundings were utterly unfathomable to the dazed verdes, for if they looked down they saw nothing but mud and encroaching tadpoles, and to look up was useless for they had no wings and the sun blinded their eyes, so they simply busied themselves getting seats and preparing to listen to the order of business as given to them by their leader. It was a time of confusion; the little turtles suffered some because the larger ones pushed them from the logs in their anxiety to get front seats, so that for a long time a continual splash was heard as the little fellows were knocked off, and, even some of the acknowledged big ones fell in, but finally all was settled and the chairman arose and in a solemn tone said, "what shall we do?" This seemed to be a sign for activity and all the older ones in the assembly began making

suggestions. Verde Angus suggested we pare off two by two as good turtles ought, and go out to fight the world. Yes indeed croaked Verde Thornburg from under his favorite toadstool. No! said Turtle Moore, let's just have a great "blow out" and separate for good, there is no use fooling around any more. Not much, said Turtle Bowne. I'm in favor of sending some little turtle out to find a place to which all of us can go together when we leave here, and even if this little one does get killed before he gets back it won't hurt much.

You always did have such unnatural ways said Lady Nichols to young Bowne, as she gave him a look of deep significance which caused him to remember his speech in dismay. She then arose her full height and spoke thus: We are fast falling into disorder and misunderstanding, and if things do not soon change, me and mine shall at once leave here never to return. (We too said Turtle Moss from his end of the log.) But I *do* have a plan that would, I think, be very good, it is this: Let us send out some wise one from among us to study the fields and meadows, the cities and the mighty ocean, and let him take notice of what he sees and return to us and prophecy for each one of us what the future has in store for us, *and*, I think it would be well if we sent some one small enough not to be conspicuous. 'Tis true a little one might receive injury easily, yet I think the case demands a careful selection. This seemed a wise plan so the victim was at once chosen and piloted out into the great world. The meeting, after the well wishes and tokens of affection had been exchanged, broke up.

Well—you see the result of the choice, it has fallen upon me to name the different courses which my fellow classmates shall pursue. I have been out in the pastures, the fields, and across the mighty ocean, and have seen here and there one and another of our species chasing after his own separate god.

Class of '91, there is much in store for you in the busy world. The old nickname of ridiculous content must soon be dropped, and the hard shell of green covering must take on a polish fit for the duties of life, you must be men and women. There are many fond hopes and treasures on the different ways you shall travel, but each treasure I have found is surrounded with mountains of difficulty, each fond hope is accompanied by a shattering image ready to blight the hard earned reward as it appears almost in your grasp. But when these times arrive

you must remember that the old caul of uselessness has been laid aside in youth and that you are well armed to overcome your many obstacles.

Your lives shall read thus:

G. S. Angus shall spend the early part of his life seeking forgiveness of the many broken hearted ones of the fairer sex now scattered throughout the state of Iowa, this accomplished he will be ready to enter life in earnest, and since he shall but have left the field of bridging over difficulties, he will naturally keep this field of usefulness in view and shall construct bridges over chasms and bogs for the College and Ontario railway which will soon reach westward until it reaches the Golden gate; he shall remain a bachelor, and the dreams of youth shall be inspirations to him in old age and cause him to make his mark as a civil engineer.

Away out in Massachusetts among the stunted pines and rocky estates, shall C. W. Johnson eke out a lively existence by grinding his hoe during the silent hours of the night in order to better combat with the chick weeds and cut worms that shall inhabit his little earthly portion, his little cottage shall however throng with the merry peals of child laughter, and he shall be happy and contented.

About the beginning of the 20th century there will appear in the scientific journals of our country details and plans of an engine constructed by C. W. Jones. This invention shall revolutionize mechanical science, because it shall make use of laws hitherto unknown to the thinking world. Class '91 sees a proud climax of talent displayed by this worthy classmate.

E. S. McCord will for ten years court the goddess of fortune, but will be thwarted in his every plan; he will then go into the poultry business and the result will be that there shall be a chicken famine throughout all Iowa and southern Minnesota. Nothing daunted he shall then enter a drug store and be one of the thriving business men of his town.

S. J. Whitbeck will be an Episcopal minister at Fort Dodge. He shall lay aside the scalpel and pill box soon after graduation and will become noted as an earnest worker to save his fellow men's souls.

Sadie T. Barrow will be instructor in German at I. A. C. She will take the position immediately after the former instructor resigns to go to her old home in Germany. Miss B. will do excellent work in her depart-

ment, as she has rare talent.

J. H. McCore, the thoughtful, ministerial personage, of retiring disposition, will some day be senior partner in the American Steel Truss Corporation; his little black eyes shall sparkle out keenly as he pushes with energy into the business to make his firm the foremost in this country. John will be a favorite from dining room waiter up to the king in his palace.

Geo. H. Shepherd will enter Nebraska Ag. Colleg at once as professor of agriculture. Our hay seed department is not to be sneered at, when we consider the amount of usefulness that is yet to be accomplished by it. We will remember how Prof. Shepherd once penned some calves in a dark stable for experiment, and how he found it necessary to call in the vet. dept. soon after because of the blind sagger that appeared to possess his subjects soon after their incarceration. Yet he shall succeed as an agriculturist, for practical ideas make up his special characteristics.

W. A. Heck will be a practicing veterinarian at Bismarck, N. D. He will be a specialist on the ear. The horses of that section of the country will show many marks of artistic efforts with the penknife. He will cure of deafness old horses that have become stubborn.

The following will some day be clipped from the Ames Buzzard: "The Delphire Steel and Trou Bridge Company are building an aqueduct across the Butte City canon to carry the water across on the arid plains on the west side of the mountains; it is a gigantic scheme, the aqueduct alone costing \$500,000,000. The cost of earth work, piers, and spanning was figured by their head engineer, G. L. Christy, a graduate of the Iowa Ag. Col., in 1891. It will be one of the most successful and one of the grandest pieces of engineering work in the world." This will speak well for our classmate and will show that the great principles underlying civil engineering work are thoroughly taught by our Alma Mater, and that our worthy green turtle did not prove himself less useful because of the lack of a good sense of hearing.

Mary A. Nichols will be the leader of the American suffrage party. She will stump the State of Iowa in 1892.

Every class has its brilliancy, its enegetic, dashing spirit, who bobs up now here now there, each time showing a different phase of human nature. Such a one we will find in E. C. Oggel. He will graduate, study law and practice some, will enter the ministry

and be known by the mystic name of an honest lawyer and preacher. He will then jump into politics, and will finally settle down as an airship magnate. He will, among other things, marry.

We are somewhat in a mist as regards C. C. Clark. We don't hardly see any of his future—it will develop slowly, and reach a climax in the far beyond.

R. M. Dyer will be a musician at the German court at Berlin. He will get along very nicely with the German of things and be known as the minstrel from America.

W. D. Steele shall live a retired life in the suburbs of Chicago. He will be among the aristocracy; he even now has a porter; all the other great things necessary to a place in the 400 will follow as time passes. Mr. Steele's life will be uneventful, his ready money will be in real estate and his college education shall only be used to make life more worth the living.

D. M. Carter will ride a broncho on the western plains all his life. He has talent and ingenuity, but thinks the pleasant scenes of early youth are far in advance of a humdrum life in a city of toil and wickedness.

The old adage that our ways are shaped by the environments of life, or that the continued falling of the tiny crystals of snow upon the mountain top finally make the avalanche or landslide, shall prove all too true in the case of W. C. Swift. He, though in earlier times a prominent electrician, will become a practicing physician and surgeon of high renown. He will live in Ames.

R. F. Hodson the noted adjective manipulator of '91, will give up the old habit of using polysyllabic dextrorotary words and will in a work on man produce a manuscript of deepest thought and most forcible argument, from nothing but mono-syllabic words. He will be classed as the epicurean champion, or walking encyclopedia of abbreviated words for the American people.

Wm. Austin will have charge of the transfer stables of Cincinnati, O. His management will cause the humane society of that city to become bankrupt.

F. J. Bowne will be employed in the U. S. coast survey department. He shall survey the world through a high magnifying glass—until he shall be struck with his own infinite comparative smallness.

We see in Ed. King a local politician, a farmer and a gentleman. He shall do credit to his people in the legislature, and will be a trustee of Iowa Ag. Col., in 1901.

The convicting face of the old conspirator, Jack Spaan, will in four years wear a settled expression indeed. Spaan will never stop this side of the Atlantic; he will be a wanderer in Rome and shall there write to the muses. He will marry on short deliberation, and a ripe old age will find him surrounded with substantial comforts and a knowledge of having put to good use those powers he found so difficult to control in the college days of youth.

F. A. Serrine will some day be corralled in western Kansas. He will be a greedy bug-gist and will, when caught, be in the act of chasing a helpless grasshopper toward the Rocky Mountains. He will neither eat, sleep, nor drink enough to keep body and soul together and he will be an old man long before his time.

G. F. Starkey will be a practicing veterinarian in Boone, Iowa.

R. E. Hinds will be a practical engineer for the King Bridge Co., at a salary of \$2,000 a year. He shall be one of the most contented in the Class of '91.

B. N. Moss shall possess a kingdom; its reign will begin day after to-morrow and continue indefinitely. This kingdom shall be an asylum for downtrodden humanity. It shall grow old and strong and contribute many rich endowments to old I. A. C. to make still more comfortable the student life at this place.

L. D. McNaughton shall work in the shops at Clinton, Iowa, the first three years after graduation. He will work step by step toward a senior partnership and will finally be the owner of a large elevator manufactory in Chicago.

Only one of our little band shall do service directly for the world's salvation. B. F. Shaum will go to Africa as a missionary. He will return and lecture with Kannon-like force to the American people.

C. A. Ballreich will soon star in the Shakespearian drama, Hamlet, and will in due time present a play to the American people in perfect harmony with the times.

We have found for Mr. McClanahan a mission in China; he shall be inspector general at the Chinese ports to prevent the American government from smuggling Americans into China. The Chinese Eldorado will open to us in 1901 and the American government will use every means to profit by the riches of that country; but China will have secured the services of this gentleman in the noble duty of saving the

treasures of that downtrodden nation.

P. M. Wilson will some day be state veterinarian for Montana. He will never seek honor, but it will be thrust upon him.

T. B. Hutton will likely become a historian, as we see his future will be spent in studying the civilization and biography of nations.

The course of true love never runs smooth—so says Major Thornburg. After wooing through the hot summer months of '91, he was unfit for active duty on account of paralysis of his facial organs. He will now quietly enter a monastery for health and recuperation, and soon from the silent walls of the dim cloister will come to us the beautiful pictures as products of a strong man in his zenith of vigor and strength. Thornburg shall live as a hermit to benefit the English world. His two books, "How to Live," and "How to Die," will be gems of literature that shall go about on the world's surface while their author remains in his simple, silent cell, unknown, unwept, but sung throughout the entire world.

The upright figure of E. P. Hudson will some day be seen in the U. S. supreme court room at Des Moines. He will study law after graduating, and will only reach the above position after *years* of hard labor as a barrister.

Nels Sorrenson will do honor to his class by elevating the profession of the veterinarian through his practical book, "The Ethics of a D. V. M.," to a position in the foremost ranks of practical usefulness.

G. F. Schulte will be professor of chemistry at Drake University, Des Moines, with a salary of \$2,300 a year.

The life of W. H. Jackson will be quite eventful. He will be a traveler and a writer of books. He will never make direct use of his profession, though it will often be shown in his works that he is well acquainted with the transit and the rod.

If we will some day go to Prussia, up the castled Rhine, into the heart of its scenery and beauty, we shall there meet Miss May Cottrell. She shall become a noted painter—a place in history a woman seldom reaches.

Our tale is told; if any of Class of '91 have not been mentioned, it is only because their destiny is higher than the mind of an humble servant can reach. If any mistakes have appeared, the gods of fortune are to blame. We submit you to the keeping of the world; we hope to meet you often upon its rough pathway, and also to finally have a grand reunion in heaven.

#### CLASS-DAY EXERCISES AT I. A. C.

The class-day program given at the College chapel, Nov. 10, was the most popular ever presented. Every member of the graduating class seemed all aglow with a desire to see '91 present its last showing as a class in a manner becoming its past history.

The chapel was full to overflowing with an eager audience, as Pres. W. H. Jackson stepped upon the rostrum to call the meeting to order.

Dr. Yeomans then invoked divine blessing, which was followed with music by the College orchestra.

The salutatory, written by W. C. Jones, could not be rendered by him on account of illness; W. C. Swift, however, read it with credit.

The roll call by W. A. Heck was well responded to, as all of class '91 not present were responded for by other members that were present.

The class history by G. L. Christy was well written. While the class was not so notorious as some have been, it yet appears to have had some strong data upon which a historian could weave its biography. Mr. Christy's way of telling the story was interesting and quite humorous.

The next on the program was "Province of a Specialty," by G. S. Angus. It contained many valuable truths. The main address was upon those known as specialists; his argument proved quite clearly that it narrowed the man.

"The College Man in Politics," by D. A. Thornburg, was toasted upon very forcibly. Clear thought and precise statements are characteristics of this gentleman; this allows him to reach an audience with strong impression.

The applause following Mr. Moss' violin solo proves its appreciation.

R. F. Hodson toasted "The College Man in the Professions," with his accustomed logic, taking a few facts for granted and then planting his sentences in full harmony with his subject.

The class prophecy by W. H. Heileman was out of the ordinary; it was original, and tended toward looking more on the mirthful side of life than the pathetic. The allegory as an introduction was well received by the audience.

Miss Mary Nichols, with her fine delivery and strong language, delivered her oration with credit.

"Golden Years," by Miss Chambers, needs

no comment. Her singing it insures an applause.

L. L. Emerson spoke on "The Traveler." He remarked upon the insignificance comparatively of the common man with the one of talent; he looked at the subject from a psychological standpoint. He did credit to the program.

The class poem by J. H. Moore, is printed in this issue. It is a splendid memento of college life for his classmates.

D. M. Carter's address to the Junior class was inclined to be humorous, yet it reached well to what it was intended; the advice given came from the heart and could well be accepted as valuable to any class of students.

The response by F. C. Stewart was neatly given. He bid the Class of '91 a touching farewell.

The valedictorian, E. C. Oggel, then placed the last gem in the program. He did nobly. Our hearts reached toward his every sentence, and when he, after bidding faculty, trustees, and the rest farewell, turned to speak to Class '91, we all felt that the gem was perfect and that we had heard that which has never yet been reached by any class at I. A. C.

Pres. Jackson then formally presented the fountain which class of '91 had erected, to the trustees for its keeping.

The class song was sung by four members of the Senior class, and the exercises of this year's class were completed.

The decorations in the chapel, especially those of class '92, were well worthy special mention. Everything was in harmony with the time and hour, even the music of the College orchestra never sounded sweeter. Surely leaving an Alma Mater under such surroundings is impressive.

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The Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Beardsheare, we were so anxious to present to our readers in this issue, has been crowded out. We are sorry and hope next year's staff will have it in their first issue, because we know we all want a copy of such a sermon as that was.

The AURORA staff bids all a parting farewell. Some of its members have left their Alma Mater forever. Their happiest hours in the future will be when they hear through the AURORA that old I. A. C. is prospering.

During vacation the whole college building will be repaired.

### VALEDICTORY.

BY E. C. OGCEL.

A frail bark glides smoothly o'er the rippling waters, just as the sun is sinking in the west. Without ballast, without a steersman, without a destination, it is simply drifting, drifting with the tide.

The position of the college graduate is a peculiar one. He looks out upon the stage of life with its living actors—he finds that action there, in the physical as well as in the intellectual world, is the motor force. In order to reap the best results from the same, it must be directed to a certain end—it must be governed by certain motives. Man's mind, man's personality, reveals or manifests itself by, in and through action. To attain the best ends therefore, one's mind must be trained, educated, and one's soul cultivated. When this is done, man has a motor force which will ever guide him in the paths of duty, right and justice.

The history of mankind reveals to us the condition of his life in its various stages. Whether we find him bowing down to images of wood and stone, in heathen India, a slave to the tyranny of Ideas, or following a certain vocation beyond the Alps in sunny Italy, or it may be, gathering in the sheaves from the productive fields of our own fair land, his work, whatever its nature, has been the result of purely, well-directed, concentrated effort. Take any department of science you desire, investigate the classical and philosophical fields, in any or all you find the present conditions the results of this governed, transcendent motor force.

A view of the practical world reveals to us the stage of life. Instantly we recognize "The power behind the throne." Step into a factory here with me and view the massive machinery; note how each part fits and adjusts itself to the harmony and symmetry of the whole. Was it anything but a master mind manifested through action that produced this intricate working machinery? Look at the toiling masses in our workshops and factories—simply mechanical forces. Are they not governed by a master mind? Can you not see the *entrepreneur* walking among his laboring forces, instructing here and directing there, keeping all in harmony with the hum of busy machinery. View the Corliss engine as it wields the iron hand of industry in our shops and factories. Gaze upon the Stephenson locomotive, as it rolls o'er our prairies, carrying humanity from

one field of action to another. Do not all show the existence of master-minds manifested in the transcendent, characteristic power of action?

But this warfare is not confined to physical forces only. Intellectual battles must be fought and won. Standing "upon the threshold of the world," the college graduate takes a panoramic view of its condition. He sees the Tide of Immigration rolling its deposits of anarchists upon our shores to pollute our ballot boxes, to wave the red flag of anarchy in forbidden portions of our city, to violate our laws and to undermine our sturdy pioneers of industry. He sees capital and labor meeting with deadly intent upon the battle-fields, each attempting to throttle and annihilate the other. Yet, both are dependent, and each, non-existent without, the other. In imagination he travels to the sunny south and finds there, the negro question is still an unsolved problem. The wages question, still unsettled, demands the attention of thousands. Our hovels are filled with starving humanity. Illiteracy has left its stamp upon many a fair brow. Thousands of men and women, like the fragile bark upon the rippling waters, are simply drifting with the tide.

Study now Humanity itself, and you find it takes three forms. To the first, those who, like frail barks, lacking both action and mind, are simply drifting down the stream of life. To the second, those who are inert, inactive, lazy, dormant. Like an anchored vessel, they are simply tossed about upon the Waves of Oppression, Dissension and Opposition. The future for them is a blank. A thought of to-morrow is foreign to their natures. The beauties of smiling, laughing Creation hold no interest to such benumbed, dormant minds. The third, is the *entrepreneur* class. To it belong the bright intellects that make their way safely through life. To it belong the beautiful stars that shine in the bright galaxies upon the pages of recorded history.

The conditions are open to all, to sail, drift, or anchor. To drift, or anchor, is destruction. The world moves on. Mankind is advancing. The rockings of the present century sound the knell of future generations. "On, on," is the cry. This is the age of progression. Man's life has ever thus been a struggle. His ideas and opinions have influenced and have been influenced by his surroundings. To rise above prejudices, to be guided simply by one's personality, means a struggle—a hard

struggle. The end—who knows. Yet with true purpose, a strong heart, may we end a successful voyage and reach the haven of desired rest.

Recognizing the value of action, its governing force, and their cultivation, the present century has met the conditions with its schools, colleges and universities. Learning and advantages are offered not to the few as in former times, but to the many. Thankful are we for the day and generation of the world in which we live. It is a glorious century. Through education, we hope to reach the busy, toiling, black-begrimed humanity, struggling for existence. Through education, and the cultivation of the soul, we seek the ransoming of the masses.

We conclude therefore, that man's life dependeth upon himself. "Life is what we make it." "Each is the architect of his own fortune." We are all cast upon our own resources, our own responsibilities, our own opportunities, our own activities. "Man reaps his own reward." "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone."

Kind friends: To-morrow, the Class of '91 go to swell the great throng of busy workers in a busy world. We go forth to take our places in the drama of life. Four years of college work have been years of preparation. As we look back o'er those years, so quickly flown, the heights that then seemed insurmountable, have been attained; the obstacles that obstructed our path have all been removed; the difficulties we encountered have been mastered. Each milestone gave us renewed hope and courage. Each milestone now stands a monument of victory. The Veil of the Future hangs before us. Much as we desire, we are not permitted to draw its folds aside and peer into its hidden recesses. We know the way will not be a path of roses. Graver questions, harder problems will present themselves for solution. But I believe the same spirit, the same ambition, the same earnestness, that have animated the Class of '91 heretofore, will characterize it in the future. May we, guided by our better judgments, launch our barks upon the rippling waters, and steer for our destination. Let us not in a frenzy of fear simply anchor in the bay to be tossed about "as a straw upon the crest of the waves," nor forgetting our manhood, go drifting, drifting with the tide. Rather let us use this motor force and reach our journey's end.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: We thank you for the instruction here given.



We thank you for the interest you have taken and have shown in this plant of Education. We know this College is your pride. We know that you have labored and are laboring incessantly for its welfare and advancement. The past four years have been years of remarkable growth and prosperity. Anyone can investigate the affairs of the College to-day, and the unprejudiced and unbiased mind will leave, only to give them his *heartiest support*. May the prosperity of the College increase in geometrical proportion. And may the years as they roll hastily by, crown your efforts with success. Once again, we extend to you our heartfelt thanks, and bid you now adieu.

Dear Professors: Four years in class-room, laboratory, and social circles, have cemented firmly the bonds of friendship that unite us to-day. To-morrow we leave these old, familiar scenes, around whose every nook and corner linger fond memories of the happy hours so profitably spent. To-morrow we leave our Alma Mater, whom we have learned to love so truly and devotedly. To-morrow we pass out from your care and supervision to take an active part in the world's industry. Ere we go, we would thank you also, for the interest you have taken and have shown in us and in the College. We thank you for the influences with which you have surrounded us, for the instruction you have given us, for the principles you have instilled in us. May all these shine as beacon lights upon our voyage o'er life's troublous seas, and guide us safely into the harbor of rest. May we remember, that though separated by many miles, e'en by many climes, your eyes still follow us, your hopes, your interests are still centered in us. Then, may we with true purpose of heart in our conflict with the world, meet your highest expectations and win your heartiest approval. With the hope that future years shall bring you a rich reward, in return for your sacrificing efforts to rescue the rising generation from the thralldom of ignorance, and to instill in the minds and hearts of the youth, the principles of good citizenship, we now leave you. Again, accept our heartiest thanks, while with sad hearts, we say that last sad word, farewell.

Classmates: "Days and weeks in quick succession, rapidly have flown away and 'mid scenes of work and pleasure, brought us to this parting day." Words fail on this occasion to express our feelings, for our hearts are sad. The sacred bonds of friendship and of love that bind us together to-day

shall only become stronger and dearer as the years come and go.

It may be the last time, to-morrow, that we shall ever meet together as a class. It may the last time, that we will ever see each other's faces again. But wherever we may go, whatever we may do, the golden chains of memory and of love shall stretch across the enwidening gulf and bind us still. May the hallowed associations and tender memories of our college days, "those happy, golden years," be with us all. E'en when the night is tempestuous and rainy and the clouds of darkness seem thickest and hover the lowest, then amid the encircling gloom may they prove a consolation in those hours of trouble, and an inspiration for truer, noble work.

We go forth into a world of clashing opinions and prejudices. We must battle bravely with the Waves of Oppression, Opposition, Greed, Avarice and Passion. We must stand firmly upon our own personalities, our own individualities, lest like the frail bark, we find ourselves drifting with the tide. With our whole souls in our work, with our whole energies, our whole ambitions, true purposes, invincible determinations and right motives, all of which shall gather increasing momentum as the years come and go, let us go forth; "conquering and to conquer," ever battling for the right. Let us ever be found at our posts of duty, whenever and wherever duty calls, until we reach that land, where "Eternal day excludes the night, and pleasures banish pain." "So live, so move, that when thy summons come to join the innumerable caravan that shall take their silent chambers in the halls of death, thou goest not like the quarry slave, at night, scourged to his dungeon, but soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies him down to pleasant dreams."

"Ever thoughtful of the future," let us remember, we are not to live out the "fatiguing years as a delightful dream," but to labor earnestly, manfully, thoughtfully, faithfully. Let us remember our acts, our deeds, our influences, shall live long after we have passed from earth away.

"These shall resist the empires of decay,  
When Time is o'er and worlds have passed away;  
Cold in the dust, the silent heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once, can *never* die."

Lastly, "To thine own self be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." True to our-

selves, true to humanity, true to our God, we shall at last stand upon those towering heights, where success shall twine about us the laurel wreaths of victory and we shall wear the victor's crown.

I have but one sentiment to-day,—

Friends, Trustees, Professors, and Class-mates: God be with us all, until we meet again. Till then, farewell—aye, farewell.

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#### CLASS SONG.

WORDS BY J. E. SPAAN.

MUSIC BY B. N. MOSS.

Soon will we leave this college—  
Leave to return no more;  
The happy fleeting moments  
Of college days are o'er.  
Four years we've worked together  
At learning's humble shrine,  
Now all their many pleasures  
To memory we resign.

#### CHORUS.

Farewell, Alma Mater, we leave thee in sadness;  
The bright chains of friendship that bind us  
are strong.

Welcome, O world, we hail thee with gladness,  
We'll learn in thy school as the years speed  
along.

The future lies before us,  
With rosy hopes 'tis bright,  
Youth's buoyant heart is beating  
So eager for the fight.  
And shall among these bright hopes  
Not some be found that are real;  
Shall all be idle fancies  
That o'er our vision steal?

#### CHORUS.

Now in the life before us,  
May we labor with our might,  
Choosing the path of duty,  
Though 'tis not always bright.  
And though we'll soon be scattered,  
As leaves in the Autumn days,  
Our voices will be united  
In our Alma Mater's praise.

#### CHORUS.

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The AURORA is worth keeping this time.

The fountain is tucked up to its chin for its winter's sleep.

Class of '91 equipped themselves nobly at their final exercises. Every trustee acknowledged that their equals had not yet been shown.

N. E. Hensen will be Assistant Horticulturist at I. A. C. in '92. Many of the other professors are also trying to get help for their greatly increased departments.

## THE AURORA.

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KIND FRIENDS: With this issue, the AURORA staff of '91 bids you goodby. The past year, as shown by our Treasurer's report, has been a profitable one from a pecuniary standpoint. From a literary view, we leave you to judge its merits.

We have taken the AURORA under darkening clouds of abandonment and dissolution. Without a cent of money, without a subscription list, without a scrap of evidence of preceding years of work, but with a pressing debt, we took charge of the AURORA. Disheartening were the reports of its years of failure. Discouraging were the many debts to be met. We went to work. We spent \$30 to get the AURORA away from our Carroll publisher and have it published in Ames. We got up a subscription list; we obtained advertisements. We created an Alumni department. Look over the AURORAS of the past year and if you do not think we have raised it a notch in the scale of college journalism, we'll sink into "innocuous desuetude" and "forever hold our peace."

The AURORA in '92 will be much better than it was in '91. Its condition is entirely better. Its friends are numerous and strong. Its prospects are bright and encouraging. Its claim for better support cannot be denied.

We have endeavored to do our best. What we have said, we have meant; what we have not said, we have not meant. We offer no apology whatever. We believe we have done our duty. We have been out on time regularly. We have tried to make the paper interesting. We have endeavored to make it rank with any of our exchanges. The results of our labor are before you. Examine, criticise, endorse. May our efforts be appreciated; may our labors be rewarded; may the AURORA's prosperity be ensured.

We leave you now. We thank you for your kind support, hearty co-operation and true words of encouragement. May the sunshine of growth and prosperity encircle the AURORA dominion. May the satisfaction of "duty well performed," rest in the peaceful breast of every editor. May the readers ever remember the editors and directors of '91. To one and all, to friends and rivals, we bid, to-day, farewell.

#### IMPORTANT.

The AURORA goes into winter quarters feeling strong and hopeful this year. Its whole staff has worked faithfully and well, so they have reason to pride themselves at their year's labor.

Last spring we found a debt of \$116 due the printer, and \$14 more debt due Ames INTELLIGENCER for extra work, making in all \$130 of incumbrance; then the AURORA had trouble with the old publisher, and spent \$25 going to Carroll to get AURORA property, so we really "ran in" to the extent of \$155 before any work was done.

We have received during the year, \$357, and have paid out \$303, leaving a balance of \$51 in favor of AURORA: but the publishers are not yet paid for part of their work; the AURORA will still be in debt about \$90 at the beginning of 1892. Yet look at the figures—\$155 of debt assumed, \$90 debt still remaining, or, in other words, the AURORA made \$65 this year, besides paying its running expenses; if next year's staff do as well we will be out on *terra firma* in good style by 1893. But we do not think it right for the staff to be compelled to labor at this huge undertaking, where they never receive any recompense. We think the Literary societies should pay this bill in the spring of '92, and allow their new managers of the AURORA to work unhampered, because even then the work needed on the AURORA takes valuable time from the regular course of study. The AURORA staff are your servants; you do not pay them for their labor. You expect a good paper, therefore 'tis your important duty to see that they are not burdened with a debt they did not make, but that was made in '89 and '90. Put them on a firmer foundation, and then, *co-operate with them*, and debt will never again hamper the Association's ledger.

Our heart is with this paper as we send out its issues and plan for its welfare, and we know our already low marks in college work were made still lower by the extra work put on this paper. But we gladly sacrifice them all, and leave our record at college shady, with the hope that the paper and its readers have received benefits well worth our efforts. We ask nothing in return but friendly en-

couragement. We know our earnest work will never be lost as long as interested persons are at the helm. Therefore, think earnestly and do not allow yourself to conclude that a little brains stuck in here and there five minutes at a time will put out an AURORA edition, because experience tells us that this \$65 gain this year was only pounded out by real, hard work, mixed with some worry. We hope to see the AURORA boom next year.

Yours truly,

W. H. H., PRES. AURORA.

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#### SOLITUDE.

If there ever was a chance for a human mind to realize the full meaning of the word, we are sure we are that person. The college year closed with its bustle and hum, glad hearts reached the goal of another year's work and then went home. Professors laid aside the "scepter of zips" and withdrew into seclusion. In fact, all life at I. A. C. has gone out; only now and then the ghostly visage of some former inhabitant of this place is seen solemnly treading up and down the hall in sad reverie; all familiar voices are hushed and we are indeed alone. Of Class '91 only three are left: Spaan, who wanders aimlessly around visiting friends and seeking for a satisfaction he cannot find. Oggel, who delves away at the books in the department office in order to clear up the year's transactions, and ye President of AURORA, who has cast off the garb of a college graduate to bury himself in an old cellar, and there crush beets in order to get at the only sweet product left, viz: the sugar he ekes out of that "vegetable."

"Oh Solitude where are the charms,  
That sages have seen in thy face."

That poet knew what he was talking about; we can sympathize with him, for all our former ties of friendship are saddened by separation. All those who were wont to make college life pleasant are out seeking what the world has in store for them, while we are left alone mid the barren places that only serve to remind us of a joy that is gone forever. Such is life; our words don't express the feelings it imprints upon us; we can only wish for happier days, when perchance we shall meet again. Won't those be happy times? Those times when we shall meet and again look into the faces of old associates, and talk of happy days we spent together during college life!

#### Local Items.

Are you cold?

Desolate and empty—college building.

Mr. Platte was at the college on Wednesday Nov. 11th.

The motor line is about frozen in these cold mornings.

J. H. Moore is draughtsman for a bridge Co. in Ottumwa.

Mr. Geo. L. Christy intends to spend the winter in Chicago.

Miss Lizzie Saylor has been quite sick since commencement.

Mr. and Miss Hudson entertained their mother during the commencement exercises.

E. C. Oggel commences work as a professor in Orange City Academy Wednesday Nov. 18th.

Messrs. Spinney, Roddis, Muns, Carter, McNaughton and Swift, have gone to Chicago for the winter.

Miss Thomas left for Des Moines, Sunday, Nov. 15. It only made things more dreary to see her go.

Miss Mary Nichols will be an assistant in the Botanical department in 1892. We wish her success as a botanist.

G. S. Angus will spend part of the winter working for Prof. Church, but will go to Chicago about Christmas.

The spots of snow on the campus glare at us in the moonlight like specters that have come to haunt us in our desolation.

C. W. Jones is at Ames quite sick with a fever, it will be two or three weeks before he will again be able to be out, our sympathy is with him.

W. H. Heileman will stay at the college a few weeks after the term is out. He expects to do some work in the experimental station during that time.

There are plans on foot for an armory, a ladies hall, a depot for motor line, and an artificial lake, here at the college. We hope these plans will hatch at once.

Mr. E. C. Oggel will stay at the college a few days after the term is out and will then go to his home at Orange City where he will take up the position of Professor of Mathematics in the high school at that place.

Mr. Christy entertained his parents on Nov. 10th and 11th.

Vincent Zmunt will teach in the Glidden high school during the winter.

Mr. Whitaker was visited by his father and sister on Monday Nov. 9th.

Mr. J. C. Norton entertained his father during the commencement exercises.

Mr. Clarke entertained his mother and brother during the commencement exercises.

Mr. Miller was visited by his father on Tuesday and Wednesday Nov. 10th and 11th.

Miss Rose Garth, a member of the Sophomore class, does not intend to return next spring.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was at the college during commencement week shaking hands with old friends.

Mr. Hanson was at the college on Sunday Nov. 8 shaking hands with friends and professors.

Mr. Moss left for Minneapolis and St. Paul for the purpose of striking a job in engineering.

Miss Spear once a member of class of '93, was at the college during commencement exercises.

Miss Kuenzel once of the class of '94 made a short visit at the college during commencement week.

Mr. and Miss Mitchell were visited by their parents on Tuesday and Wednesday Nov. 10th and 11th.

Mr. Moore entertained his lady friend from Marshalltown on Tuesday and Wednesday 10th and 11th.

Miss Dean once of the class of '90 was at the college during commencement week shaking hands with old friends.

Mr. Stewart intends to stay at the college all winter. He will work in the Botanical department and will stay at North Hall.

Messrs. Ashford and Heileman entertained some of their lady friends from Maxwell on Tuesday and Wednesday Nov. 10th and 11th.

The class day exercises on Tuesday Nov. 11 were without doubt the best ever given at the I. A. C. Every part of the program was excellent, while the poem, prophecy and valedictory were better than common and the class of '91 may well be proud of the speakers.

Prof. Bissell left college for his home on Friday Nov. 6th.

Prof. Church and family expect to spend the winter vacation in Chicago.

Prof. Hainer intends to move to Ames this fall. He will reside there hereafter.

Mr. and Miss Nichols were visited by their sister during the commencement exercises.

Mr. Merrill intends to stay at the college all winter. He believes in exercising his muscle and expects to accomplish this end by chopping wood.

The science club had a very interesting meeting on Friday evening Nov. 6th. Prof. Pammel talked on the bacteria of milk. The talk was accompanied by several stereotomy views which were very instructive.

The annual reception by the President to the Seniors was given on Friday evening Nov. 6th. Nearly all the Seniors were present and all report a splendid time. The Pres. and Mrs. Beardshear know how to entertain.

On Tuesday evening Nov. 10th Judge Kinne delivered the address before the Trustees. Mr. Kinne has a fine appearance and a splendid voice. In his talk he showed how necessary a nobleness of character was in the future success of life. The Judge has been elected as Supreme Judge of Iowa and he is well capable to fill the position.

Prof. Curtiss and Wilson together with Mr. Shepperd, left for Waverly on Wednesday evening Nov. 11th where they attended the dairymen's association. From there they go to Chicago to take in the fat stock show and then return back to Ames. After their trip Mr. Shepperd will go up to St. Paul, Minnesota where he has been appointed as assistant Professor in Agriculture. We wish him success.

Latest:—We nearly all room at the cottage. Eaton has the gout, Angus files saws by moonlight and Heileman has frozen his nose. The fairer sex of which there are a few, are all hale and hearty, but the boys are wondering how they can mend up enough to attend two birthday celebrations, of two of our young lady boarders, which occur on Saturday Nov. 21st and 23rd respectively. We ask an interest in your well wishes that we may be able to be able to attend.

Mr. Salisbury was visited by his sister the last week of the term.

Mr. Moss entertained his parents during the commencement exercises.

Mr. Angus entertained his mother and aunt during commencement week.

Mr. Oggel was visited by his mother during the commencement exercises.

Mr. Hutton entertained his sisters on Saturday and Sunday Nov. 7th and 8th.

Mr. Bowne was visited by his sister and mother during the commencement exercises.

Geo. L. Christy entertained his brother on Tuesday and Wednesday Nov. 10th and 11th.

Mr. and Miss McCarthy entertained their brother and sister and other Nevada friends on Monday Nov. 9th.

Miss Frink of Drake University was at the college during the last week of the term type writing theses for the Seniors.

Mr. Reynolds, once of the class of '91, was at the college during commencement week, shaking hands with friends and classmates.

Mr. Ballreich was called away from college on account of the death of his sister on Friday Nov. 6th. He returned on Tuesday Nov. 10th.

The commencement concert given by the music and elocution departments on Monday evening Nov. 9th was well attended and all who went report it a success.

On Oct. 28th and 30th the captains of the battalions had their competitive drill. Capt. Oggel easily walked off with first prize, a beautiful sword, and Capt. Dyer followed with second prize, a handsome spy glass.

The Seniors have now completed the erection of their fountain. It is a dandy and after the committee on the grounds, will have planted flowers around it next spring as they intend to; the triangle will be the most beautiful place on the grounds.

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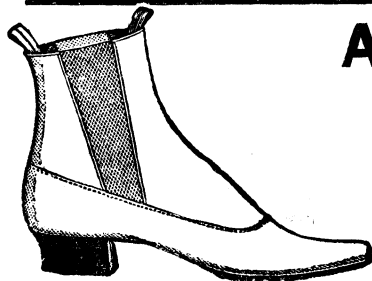
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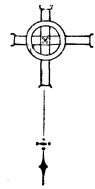
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